THE OBSERVER.

.....

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

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THE FRIEND OF SOCRATES, THE FRIEND OF PLATO,
BUT ABOVE ALL, THE FRIEND OF TRUTH.

Vol. I. *Baltimore, Saturday, February* 28, 1807. *No.* 9.

For the Observer.

BEATRICE IRONSIDE's BUDGET.

Having in our last Budget gratified our curious readers with a short sketch of our Editor, we shall proceed in the same succinct manner, to introduce to their acquaintance, the grave, the learned, the witty and sentimental personages who are to assist Mistress Ironside in executing her work.

Hypatia, who will essentially contribute her aid, is quite of a different humour to Beatrice ; together they form a happy union of opposites. While Beatrice looks at every thing thro' the optic of ridicule, Hypatia views all with the benignant eye of indulgence ; Beatrice is careless and gay ; Hypatia, prudent and thoughtful ; Beatrice delights in raillery, satire and whim ; Hypatia in gravity, wisdom and sentiment. Whenever Momus shakes his cap, and the sheet sparkles with mirth and drollery, oh ! then Beatrice will have furnished the Budget. But when the effulgent spirit of piety, the soft breathings of gentlest persuasion to virtue, and the bright picture of moral excellence beam on the page, then the soul of Hypatia will speak on the paper.

That a little Latin and Greek, now and then giving *dignity* to our lucubrations, may not alarm the bucks and the bloods, who abhor learned women, we will inform them, that all such scraps are supplied by our able coadjutor, the Rev. Mr. Supple.

Let not the epithet of *reverend* alarm the gayer part of our readers. Our friend Supple has none of the cynical moroseness, which is generally expected to characterise *holy men.* He looks more like a votary of the laughing God, than a reverend divine of sacerdotal dignity. He sometimes pours a libation to Bacchus ; the genial bowl aids the fertility of his fancy, and infuses into his conversation and effusions, flashes of sportive wit... Nature has endued him with the happiest disposition ; for tho' by no means devoid of sensibility, the canker of care never destroys his repose, nor do murmurs of discontent disturb the tranquillity of his bosom...Misfortunes he has certainly known, but he laughs at the persecutions of the capricious Goddess, and appears to derive new energy from the fortitude with which he opposes her malice. He attends to St. Paul's useful precept,

in being all things unto all men, and therefore at every social party no guest is so welcome as Supple. Nature and fortune it is true, would seem to have been at variance, in fixing our jovial Parson's vocation ; and yet the pulpit is the pinnacle of his ambition. Eloquence he thinks his peculiar forte, and when mounted in his rostrum, he delivers sublime doctrines, rich metaphors and rounded periods, to an admiring audience, he looks as if he felt like Apollo driving the chariot of day, to scatter light wherever his beams were diffused.

Sound morals, good taste, and deep learning he certainly possesses; add to these a jocund hilarity of disposition, which prompts him to view human nature in its most flattering colours, a profound admiration for the fair sex, and a playful vivacity of imagination, which knows how to instruct while it amuses, and we think our friend Parson Supple's stock in the Budget, will not be the least acceptable part of its WARE.

H———, the last, though not least in our coterie, has at once sound sense, brilliant wit, an extensive acquaintance with elegant literature, and a thorough knowledge of mankind. This last acquirement, obtained in the bitter school of experience, may perhaps have communicated a shade of misanthropy to his character...But the high polish of his mind, the refinement of his taste, the diversified powers of his genius, and the amplitude of his knowledge in all the elegant arts that embellish life, communicate an attic zest to his manners and productions, and enable him to convey instruction and entertainment in their most attractive and captivating forms.

And now having thus set forth the individuals of our association, we shall henceforth leave it to the sagacity of our readers to discover, which of us supplies the literary repast of the day. We shall all labour to the same end, and equally hope our endeavours will be rewarded with some enlivening smiles, which will compensate for the frowns we are well assured we cannot escape ; but which will affect us, as the shadow of a fly would the broad surface of the ocean.

Though true as the needle to the pole, our aim will invariably point at promoting the cause of morals, politeness, and taste, the better to answer this end, we shall diversify our essays with ever varying hues,

> ——"Add colours ev'n to the Cameleon ;
> And change shapes with Proteus for advavtage."

ERRATA.

No. 7, page 111...6th line, for Mount Bernard, read *Mount St. Bernard*—19th line, for Divide ut regnus, read *Divide ut regnes.*

No. 8, page 126, line 22...for peace of Prague, read *peace of Presbourg.*

For the Observer.

THE FINE ARTS.

Extract of a letter from a distinguished amateur in Philadelphia, January 10, 1807.

When liberty is dear to the heart, and we know how to estimate its value, it is painful to be forced to acknowledge, how barren and sad this country appears, to those who may have some taste for the more polished arts of life...But what can we do? The powers of darkness seem to be let loose in such a way against the world, as would seem to mark its approach to final dissolution. All the crowned heads of Europe appear to vie with each other, in which shall commit most follies, to accelerate the return of chaos and barbarism ; and hence there no longer remains even a little corner of the earth, where a man educated in the old school, can pass his time agreeably in cherishing Apollo, the graces and friendship! Every six months, I resolve to go over to England once more,to regain, if only for a few moments,the last asylum of the Arts ; but every six months I find myself still further from the execution of my project, so much am I displeased with the politics of that country, and so much even do I tremble for its safety.

You ask me to send you some articles on the Fine Arts to insert in the *Observer!* My friend, were you serious?

Of stones it would be easier to raise up children to Abrabam, than to inspire a taste for the Arts, where the wharves, the banks, and the markets, are the national museums and the temples of genius!.....We might labour indeed, but we should never succeed like Deucalion, in transformiug stones into men : believe me, the opposite miracle is much more common ; but this conviction destroys all courage to write.

Since I have been vegetating here,I had some idea of publishing an elementary work on architecture,which I intended should comprehend a great number of plates, and the principles of perspective, the projection of shades, &c. &c. &c.

I designed to collect in demonstration of these principles, all the best productions of ancient and modern Europe, to have had their finest pieces executed by the best engravers I could find from Boston to New-Orleans ; and I should not have published this work, without consulting all the ablest connoisseurs of this country.

I wanted to make plain to the eye and the finger of the American *builders,* that nothing was to be left to chance nor choice in composition, as well as in construction ; and that grace, beauty and solidity, depend on the forms and proportions, which the most celebrated and learned architects and engineers of all modern nations, had found in the ruins of Greece, Rome and Asia. That therefore it was not a matter of indifference, that

such a column should be higher, such an entablature larger, such an arch lower, or narrower, &c. &c....this was my project.

But when I recollected that we were in a country where *cheapness* was the only thing considered ; in a country where $\frac{100}{99}$ degrees less of perfection in the execution of a piece of this nature would make no impression on the vulgar ; that my book would be confined to a dozen libraries at most, where every one would have the right of stealing, correcting, and murdering my ideas, just as it would please them so to do ; and that I should very soon have seen substituted for a work that would have cost me a great deal of labour and immense expence, some miserable collection of stuff, which would have been sold for a dollar, and which would have destroyed the debut of mine in dishonoring it ; oh ! then I said to myself let your soul rest in peace and leave it to time and to government, to correct barbarism and self-sufficiency, &c. &c. &c. &c. because after all, you will only have wrought *pro deo*, and nothing more.

Believe me then, my friend, we must teach here only what they are willing to learn ; and not always struggle against the stream ; because it is to be eternally the butt of the caprices, and even the persecution s of others.

Without doubt, you know the ingenious trait of a certain *builder*, who not long ago, went to take the measure or pattern, of the pretty Gothic chapel at the College of St. Mary's, of which we have a drawing here. He said, that he was about to build a Church like it, for another congregation in Baltimore, but *that he would not have pointed windows.*

As well might they say, they would have Ionic columns without volutes, or Corinthian pillars, without acanthus leaves, &c. Well then, does not this circumstance sufficiently demonstrate, I will not say the inutility, of all the books we might publish, the lessons we might give ; but even of the examples which learned and experienced Artists might exhibit in their works.

" *At Rome you must do as Rome does,*" says the proverb ; be then a *Baltimorian*, as long as fate chains you to Baltimore :— when you see columns placed in niches like statues ; fine houses with steps like a hay loft : academies like that of this city, which resemble redoubts, with Chinese windows, like the loop holes of a fortified castle ; console yourself by casting your eyes upon the log houses, and exclaim, this is not so bad in comparison.

But once more, I conjure you, do not venture abruptly to attack, the immense republic of prejudices . . . . . do not venture to condemn defects, which they have not yet learned to discover ; for time is essential to all things, and much time is required, because much study, and many objects of comparison are necessary *to teach us to doubt ourselves* ; but are we anxious to learn, when we believe we know all better than any one can instruct us ! No without doubt ; and the example of our breth-

ren, the *savages,* who prefer their own huts, to the magnificent domes, edifices, fountains, academies, theatres, and public walks of the American cities, is a sufficient proof " that ignorance is bliss," and of the pleasure that is found in continuing in it. By dint of science, labour and genius, Socrates discovered that all he knew was nothing ;

" *All that I know is that I know nothing,*"

said he. But poor Socrates was a Greek ; he was a philosopher ; he lived in Athens.....and here..... we are a thousand leagues from.....

Silence and resignation then is my motto ; and I advsie you very sincerely to adopt it as I have done ; for all that I see around me appears as far as concerns taste, to be condemned *to final impenitence.*

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FOR THE OBSERVER.

" *Tale after tale the listening ear detains.*"

THE PREDICTION.

(Concluded from page 117.)

I sunk up to the middle in the morass, my hair stood on end when I recollected the events of the night, *and the 20th of August,* was the first thing that occupied my thoughts. I numbered my wounds which amounted to eight ; but none of them were dangerous, being only strokes of the sabre on the arms, breast and back. As the summer nights are very cool in this country, I had worn a furred cloak, which had in some measure deadened the blows. I was however very weak : I listened ; the Turks had been gone some time. Groans of wounded horses now and then reached me from the field of battle ; as for the men, the Turks had settled their business completely.

I endeavoured to get out of the place I was in, and succeeded in about half an hour. Although a war with the Turks blunts all feeling, I yet felt a sensation of fear, when I ventured to peep out of my rushes. I advanced ; my eyes fell upon the field of carnage ; but how shall I paint my horror, when I felt myself suddenly seized by the arm. I perceived an Arnaut more than six feet high, who had doubtless returned in pursuit of further plunder. Never was hope more cruelly deceived. I addressed him in the Turkish tongue : take my money, my watch, my uniform, said I, but do not kill me !...All that belongs to me, replied he, and your head into the bargain !...He immediately loosened the string of my huzzar's cap, and then my cravat...I was unarmed, and totally incapable of defending myself ; had I attempted the slightest movement, he would have plunged his large cutlass into my breast. I took him round the middle, as I supplicated him to spare my life, whilst he was employed in

stripping my neck: take pity on me, said I !...my family is rich ; make me your prisoner; you will get a very high ransom. I can't wait so long, replied he ; only hold still that I may cut straight ; and already he had the pin out of my shirt. I however held him still embraced ; he did not oppose me ; certainly because he relied on his strength, and his arms, and perhaps even from a gleam of compassion, which however could not counterbalance the hope of a ducat. As he took out my pin, I felt something hard in his belt...it was an iron hammer.... He repeated again, hold still ! and certainly these would have been the last words I should have heard, if the horror of such a death, had not inspired me with the thought of seizing his hammer. He did not observe it ; already he held my head in one hand, and his cutlass in the other, when by a sudden motion, I disengaged myself, and without losing a moment, discharged the hammer at his face with all my might. The hammer was heavy ; I did not miss my blow : the Arnaut staggered ; I redoubled my strokes, he fell and dropped his sabre. I need not add that I seized it, and plunged it several times into his body. I then ran towards our out-posts, whose arms I saw glittering in the Sun, and reached the camp. The soldiers fled before me as if I were a ghost. The same day I was seized with a violent fever and carried to the hospital.

In six weeks I was cured of my illness and wounds, and returned to the army. At my arrival, the Bohemian brought me the Tokai wine, and I learnt from my comrades, that during my absence, several predictions she had made, had been exactly accomplished, and had drawn her a great many consultations and legacies : this appeared very singular.

However, two deserters from the enemy came to our camp ; two Christians of Servia, who had been employed with the baggage of the Turkish army, and had deserted to escape some punishment they had incurred. As soon as they saw our phrophetess, they knew her, and declared that she frequently came to the Turkish camp, to give them an account of our movements ; this surprised us very much ; because the woman had often rendered us services, and we had even admired the address with which she acquitted herself in the most perilous commissions... But the deserters persisted in their testimony ; and added they had been often present, when she had described our positions to the Turks, discovered our projects to them, and had encouraged them to venture attacks, which in fact had taken place... A Turkish cypher served her as a passport. This convincing evidence being found upon her, she was condemned to the death of a spy. Before her execution, I questioned her again upon the prediction she had made to me. She acknowledged that by means of her double capacity as a spy, which procured her double profit, she had often learned what were the plans of

both parties ; that from those who consulted her secretly upon their destinies, she had learnt many things, and that she also owed much to chance. As to what particularly regarded me, she had chosen me as a striking example proper to confirm her authority, and the better to fulfil her object, she had fixed the moment that should be fatal to me at a distant period..... When the time approached, she incited the enemy to venture an attack on the advanced guard of our regiment the night of the 20th of August. In the intercourse she had with the officers, she had learnt that two were to serve before me; she sold the one adulterated wine, which made him sick, and for the other, at the moment he was setting off, she approached as if to sell him something, and contrived, without being perceived, to put a burning match to his horse's nostrils.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

" Illum non populi fasces non purpura regum
Flexit.————————————"

(Continued from p. 125.)

The political success of Mr. Fox and lord North was, however, ephemeral. While they agreed in no one great measure for the common good, the nation seemed to unite as one man against them ; and the king having become jealous of his prerogative, on the introduction of the " East India bill," they were obliged to retire, but not until means had been resorted to, which no friend of the constitution could either advise or practise.

A phenomenon in the political world now took place, for a stripling, just of age, upborne on the wings of royal and popular favour, succeeded to the post of premier, and kept it for upwards of twenty years. William Pitt, the younger son of that William Pitt, earl of Chatham, who had been the rival of Henry Fox, lord Holland, to a greater portion of eloquence than his father added all his ambition. He was the first minister, since the accession of the house of Hanover, who dared to remain in place in defiance to the declared sense of the house of commons ; and such was the gullibility of the nation, that merely by using the magic sounds of peace and economy, he contrived to involve it in more wars and debts than any other statesman since the conquest. On great occasions he displayed an extraordinary portion of talent, but yet he, at the same time, did not blush to stoop to cunning and chicanery, for his sole aim was success, and he was determined either to obtain or to preserve it at all hazards. Such was the opponent with whom the

subject of this memoir had now to contend for the government of the empire ; such the man, who could only be prevailed upon to relinquish it with his life ! Meanwhile, the tide of popularity had set in so strongly against Mr. Fox, that at the general election, in 1784, many of his friends lost their seats in the house of commons,* and he himself was obliged to enter into a long and expensive contest for Westminster. He had originally been returned for that city by the voice of the inhabitants at large, and in direct opposition to the influence of the Northumberland and Newcastle families, backed by that of the crown. Supported now by the Portland and Devonshire interests, he maintained a sharp and dubious struggle ; but after the lapse of forty-seven days poll, he appeared at the close to have a majority of 235 votes in his favour. A scrutiny, however, was demanded and obtained by his adversaries, so that he would have been entirely excluded, for a time, from the house of commons, had he not been returned, through the friendship of Sir Thomas, now lord Dundas, for a district of Scotch boroughs ; but at length his triumph was complete, and a prosecution having been commenced against the high bailiff, the latter was cast in damages to the amount of two thousand pounds.

The next public affair in which we find him engaged, was the prosecution of Mr. Hastings ; and it must be allowed, while the charges against the govenor general of India, on one hand, required, nay demanded investigation, that, on the other, the period of time to which the trial was protracted appears to haye been equally impolitic and unjust. Alas! who will now think of impeaching successful delinquency, or dragging victorious oppression, by which the individual and the nation have alike profited, before the tribunal of the house of peers?

On two great occasions the talents of Mr. Fox proved eminently serviceable to the nation : one, when Mr. Pitt, at the instigation of the court of Berlin, wished to wage an unprofitable war with Russia relative to the possession of Oczakow ; the other, when, in the wantonness of power, he urged a contest with Spain. Experience has since proved that these objects were contemptible, and the finger of posterity will point with scorn to that page of our history, when a minister who derived all his credit from his management of the finances, laboured to impoverish the nation by two ridiculous, but bloody conflicts, one of which had for its object the preservation of the Turkish frontier, and the other a participation in the trade of cat-skins and sea-otters!

In 1788, Mr. Fox, worn out, and perhaps disgusted with public business, repaired to the continent in company with the

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* These were jocosely termed *Fox's Martyrs*.

lady* who has since been acknowledged as his wife, and after spending a few days with Gibbon,† the historian, at Lausanne, entered the classic regions of Italy. But he was suddenly recalled, in consequence of the alarming illness of the king, and the business of the regency bill was so ably managed by his rival, who now perceived it to be for his interest to stand on constitutional grounds, that the opposition rather lost than gained popularity by this measure.

We now approach an awful and memorable epoch, that which gave birth to the French revolution! On this occasion Mr. Fox declared himself strongly, uniformly, and decisively on the side of liberty. The two great rival chiefs, who agreed in nothing else, at first cordially united in this cause, and while the one presaged a long peace, the extinction of our national debt, and the prosperity of the empire, the other gloried in beholding a whole people rescued from the most oppressive servitude, and, at the same time, argued the most auspicious results in favour of the human race.

"The conduct of the French troops, (he observed,) during the late commotions, tended greatly to remove one of the objections which he had always entertained against standing armies. By refusing to obey the dictates of the court, they had set a glorious example to all the military of Europe, and had shewn, that by merely becoming soldiers, they did not cease to be citizens."

[*To be continued.*]

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* We understand that he was married to Mrs. Armstead in 1780.

† A copy of a letter from Mr. Gibbon to lord Sheffield:—

"*Lausanne, Oct.* 4, 1788.

"The man of the people, escaped from the tumult, the bloody tumult of the Westminster election, to the lakes and mountains of Switzerland, and I was informed that he was arrived at the Lion d'Or. I sent a compliment; he answered it in person, and settled at my house for the remainder of the day. I have eat and drank, and conversed and sat up all night with Fox in England; but it never happened, perhaps it never can happen again, that I should enjoy him as I did that day, alone, from ten in the morning till ten at night.

"Poor Deyverdun, before his accident, wanted spirits to appear, and has regretted it since. Our conversation never flagged a moment; and he seemed thoroughly pleased with the place and with his company. We had little politics; though he gave me, in a few words, such a character of Pitt, as one great man should give of another, his rival: many of books, from my own, on which he flattered me very pleasantly, to Homer and the Arabian Nights; much about the country, my garden (which he understands far better than I do,) and, upon the whole, I think he envies me, and would do so were he minister. The next morning I gave him a guide to walk him about the town and country, and invited some company to meet him at dinner. The following day he continued his journey to Berne and Zurich, and I have heard of him by various means.

"The people gaze on him as a prodigy, but he shews little inclination to converse with them."

CRITICISM.

POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS OF MARMONTEL.

(Continued from page 122.)

'A man still more ambitious of glory than he, (Helvetius,) was Thomas; but, more in tune with himself, he only expected success from the rare talent he possessed of expressing his sentiments and his thoughts; sure of giving to common subjects the originality of a lofty eloquence, and to known truths, new developement, new extension and new lustre. It is true that, absorbed in his meditations, and incessantly preoccupied with what might acquire him an ample fame, he neglected the little cares, and the light merit of being engaging in society. The gravity of his character was gentle, but reserved; silent, smiling with difficulty at the gaiety of conversation, without ever contributing to it. He even scarcely ever spoke freely on subjects that were familiar to him, unless it were in an intimate and confined circle: it was there only that he was brilliant with the light of intellect, and astonishing in copiousness. At our dinners, he added to our number, and it was only by reflection on his literary merit, and on his moral qualities, that he enjoyed there any consideration. Thomas always sacrificed to virtue, to truth, to glory, never to the graces; and he has lived in an age when, without the influence and favour of the graces there was no brilliant reputation in literature.' I. p. 120—8

These are French portraits; but that our readers may not suppose that they have been flattered by the hand of their countryman, we add this delineation of three foreign members of the same society.

'The Abbe Galiana was, in his person, the prettiest little harlequin that Italy ever produced; but on the shoulders of this harlequin was the head of Machiavel. An epicurean in his philosophy, and with a melancholy soul, having looked at every thing on the side of ridicule, there was nothing, either in politics or in morality, on which he had not some good story to tell; and these stories had always the merit of pertinence, and the wit of an unforeseen and ingenious allusion. Figure to yourself too the prettiest little natural graces, in his manner of relating, and in his gesticulation, and you may conceive what pleasure we derived from the contrast between the profound sense of the story, and the bantering air of him who told it. I do not at all exaggerate when I say, that we forgot every thing in order to hear him, even for whole hours. But when his part was played, he was like a cypher in the company; and, sad and mute in a corner, he had the air of impatiently waiting the catchword to re-enter on the stage. It was with his arguments as with his stories; he would be listened to. If he were sometimes interrupted, he would say, "But let me finish, you shall soon have full leisure

to answer me." And when, after having described a long circle of inductions, (for that was his way) he at last concluded; if any one shewed an inclination to reply to him, you might see him slide in among the crowd, and quietly escape.

'Caraccioli, at first sight, had in his physiognomy the heavy and massive air with which you would paint stupidity. To animate his eyes, and bring out his features, it was necessary that he should speak. But then, and in proportion, as that lively, piercing, and luminous intelligence with which he was gifted awoke, it sent forth beams of light; and acuteness, gaiety, originality of thought, simplicity of expression, the grace of an animated smile, and a look of sensibility, all united to give an engaging, intelligent, and interesting character to ugliness. He spoke our language ill, and painfully; but he was eloquent in his own; and when the French term did not occur to him, he used to borrow the word, the turn, the image he wanted, from the Italian. Thus he every moment enriched his language with a thousand bold and picturesque expressions that excited our envy. He accompanied them too with those Neapolitan gestures that, in the Abbé Galiani, so well animated expression; and it was said of both of them, that they had wit even to their fingers' ends. Both too had excellent stories, and they had almost all a delicate, moral, and profound meaning. Caraccioli had studied men as a philosopher; but he had observed them more as a politician and a statesmen, than as a satirical moralist. He had comtemplated the manners, the customs, and the policy of nations on a large scale; and if he cited some particular features of them, it was only as examples, and in support of the inferences he drew. In knowledge, his riches were inexhaustible, and he distributed them with the most engaging simplicity; beside, he had in our eyes the merit of being an excellent man. Not one of us would have thought of making a friend of the Abbé Galiani; each of us was ambitious of the friendship of Caraccioli; and I, who have long enjoyed it, cannot express how desirable it was.

'But one of the men to whom I have been most dear, and whom I have most tenderly loved, has been the count de Creutz. He too was of the literary society and dinners of Madame Geoffrin; less eager to please, less occupied with the care of attracting attention, often pensive, still oftener absent, but the most charming of the convivial circle, when, without distraction, he gave himself freely to us. It was to him that nature had really given sensibility, warmth, the delicacy of moral sentiment and that of taste; the love of all that is beautiful, and the passion of genius as well as that of virtue: it was to him that she had granted the gift of expressing and painting in touches of fire, all that had struck his imagination, or vividly seized on his soul: never were a man born a poet, if this man was not so. Still young, his mind ornamented with a prodigious variety of information; speaking French like ourselves; and almost all

the languages of Europe like his own, without reckoning the learned languages; versed in all kinds of ancient and modern literature; talking of chemistry as a chemist; of natural history as a pupil of Linnæus; and singularly of Sweden and of Spain, as a curious observer of the properties of climates and of their divers productions; he was for us a source of knowledge, embellished by the most brilliant elocution.' II. p. 132...7.

(To be continued.)

For the Observer.

POLITICAL.

CRIMINATION OF ALL THE POWERS OF EUROPE.

(Continued.)

SWITZERLAND & SARDINIA, GENOA & HOLLAND.

The fate of Switzerland merits attention, inasmuch as it furnishes another example of the false calculations into which a spirit of mercantile selfishness may lead those nations in which it prevails.

The Swiss desired to live in peace with all the world; to keep war at a distance from their habitations; and to profit by their neutrality, to give an asylum to those who fled and were proscribed from France, in order that they might come and consume their capitals amongst them; they wished to remain neutral in short, in the hope of continuing quietly and profitably, the sole negociators of the commerce of Europe with France, during the general war. Neither the disbanding, disarming, nor humiliating expulsion of the Swiss regiment in the service of France, nor the murder of their countrymen, put to death with such a refinement of cruelty the 10th of August in defending the palace of the Thuilleries; nor the assassination of the baron of Balkmann, major-general of the Swiss guards; nor the proscription of even the *name* of Swiss; nor the system of *propagande*,* which already directly attacked the aristocratic part of their confederation, nothing could arouse them from the passive system, from which they hoped so much gain and tranquillity.

Not only did they remain deaf to the solicitations of all the powers, at the time of the first coalition, but at the moment of the insurrection at Lyons, in 1793, they obstinately refused a passage to the corps of Condé, which this prince wanted, to conduct in person to the relief of this brilliant and courageous city. If the Swiss had favored this expedition...if they had as they might easily have done, put 30,000 good troops in cam-

* The PROPAGANDE was an association of jacobins, who sent emissaries all over Europe, and even all over the globe, to disseminate revolutionary principles, and to excite insurrection.

paign, the siege of Lyons would have been raised ; the different bodies of insurgents in the south would have been assembled ; la Vendeé relieved by this powerful diversion would have triumphed ; Italy would have been saved, and Paris would have found itself placed between the allied armies, who were then only 120 miles from it, and the victorious Royalists in the west and south.

But the Swiss preferred an alliance with the Convention, who soon exacted of them to expel the French emigrants from their territory ; this they did with the harshness and rigour with which the fear of implicating themselves always inspires weak minds.

The French Republic then every where extending its conquests and its despotism, Switzerland surrounded on every side, was not long without receiving a French garrison, and very soon became the theatre of a furious war.

The Swiss then awakened from their apathy, to yield to the phrenetic inspirations of civil discord, and the ingenuity of their common enemy, did not fail to put them in the way of preparing themselves their own ruin and subjugation. Blinded to their interests, they fought amongst themselves with the utmost fury; they opened their country to France, whose legions came to exterminate them, even to the bosom of their precipices, which were heaped up with the bodies of their wives and their children, and the ruins of their pastoral abodes.

It is thus that the thirst of gold, lost Switzerland, her happiness, her political importance, her morals, her former virtues, her ancient honor and her liberty ! !

As for *Sardinia*, two Princesses of the blood Royal had married two Princes, brothers of Louis XVI. Monsieur, and Monsieur, the Comte d'Artois ; and a sister of these Princes, had married the Prince of Piedmont, presumptive heir of the Sardinian crown.

If this state were weak in itself, the Alps and its topographical position rendered it strong and important ; for it held as it were, the keys of Italy. It forgot its own force ; it forgot even the ties of blood, and the regard due to decency; the king treated the French emigrants with indignity, who came to join the Comte d'Artois, his son-in-law, to keep the South of France in play ; he did more...for he even forced them to quit his dominions.

This inconceivable conduct, did not save him ; France usurped Piedmont, and notwithstanding the efforts of the insurgents of the mountains called *Barbets*, the house of Savoy has fallen, never, it may be predicted, to rise, after the incapacity and the weakness of those who held the sceptre during the last period of its reign.

On the other hand, *Holland* like *Genoa*, although under skies so different, burnt equally with the revolutionary flame ; no-

thing appeared grand to them but *regeneration*, or rather the *French epidemic*. From 1787, the Dutch aspired only at abolishing the power of the Stadtholder, and the Genoese at expelling their nobles. When then the revolution burst forth, all formed wishes for the triumph of *Democracy;* without reflecting on the dangers which would necessarily result to themselves, from the establishment of a warlike nation of twenty-five millions of people in a Republic.

All French fugitives were odious to them, or at least were considered bad citizens.....Holland destroyed herself her own government, and Genoa preserved of hers, only its name; France and the Directory reigned there in reality... They were gratified it is true, with the titles of Batavian and Ligurian Republics; but it was that the one might more conveniently be laid under contribution during ten whole years, and the other desolated, in chusing its very capital as an intrenchment, and ultimately to destroy altogether the navy and commerce both of one and the other.

The Dutch marched with the French against the Duke of York, at the time of his descent at the Helder with the Russians. The Genoese sustained in the cause of the French, all the horrors of a siege, under the scourge of gen. Massena, as well as a memorable famine....And they have each, only definitively obtained in reward of these extravagant sacrifices, the right of preserving so much of their former existence as suffices to make them blush for their errors, and their just humiliation. M. A.

VARIETY.

Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee,
Mirth and youthful jollity.

A LUDICROUS PARODY,

Occasioned by the author hearing of a Clergyman, who, in a violent fit of anger, threw his Wig into the fire, and turned his son out of doors.

"Now by this sacred periwig I swear,
Which never more shall locks or ringlets bear,
Which never more shall form the smart toupee,
Forced from its parent head,—(as thou from me):
Once 'twas live hair: now form'd by th' artist's hand,
It aids the labours of the sacred band;
Adds to the Vicar's brow a decent grace,
And pours a glory round his rev'rend face.
By this I swear, when thou shalt ask again
My doors to enter, thou shalt ask in vain."
'He spoke; and furious with indignant ire,
Hurl'd the vast hairy texture on the fire;
Then sternly silent sate—the active flame
Remorseless wastes the soft and tender frame:
Writhed to and fro consumes the tortur'd hair,
And, lost in smoke, attenuates to air.'

In the duke of Leinster's demesne, within a few miles of Dublin, there is a beautiful piece of elevated ground, on which stands a small temple, or rather *shaded seat*, the favorite retreat of an *accomplished* young lady, who died at the age of 17...After sauntering through various winding paths, the stranger is *surprised* with the beauty of this place...and the following lines inscribed with black on white marble, fills the mind with no small degree of pleasing solemnity.

Ye gentle spirits who approach this seat,
Enter with thoughts composed and reverend feet,
Where art with nature charms the admiring eye.
Give the soft tribute of one tender sigh
To her—who distant glads some happier sphere,
But, leaves her lov'd idea ever here—
Here beauteous Caroline was wont to shun
The dazzling radiance of the ascending sun.
And here reclined from his bright beams withdrew,
The noblest object those bright beams could view,
A generous breast that glowed with kindness warm,
An heart unspotted, with an angel's form.
Hail! blest retreat! may every sylvan power,
With care distinguished, guard this favoured bower.

Taken from a tomb-stone in the ruins of an old Church at Howth, near Dublin.

To the memory of ANN FLINN.....aged 21 years.....1766.

A friend who loved thy earthly form when here,
Erects this stone to dust he holds most dear.
Thy happy genius oft his soul revived,
Nor sorrow felt—until of thee deprived.

Peace to thy gentle shade! and endless rest
To thy fair soul—now numbered with the blest.
Yet, take these *tears* (mortality's relief)
And till I share thy joys—forgive my grief—
These little rites, a stone—a verse receive,
'Tis all a *father*.....all a *friend* can give.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Observer.

Lines addressed to a Robin on the approach of Winter.

Poor tenant of the wintry waste,
The object of my early care;
Sweet Robin to my cottage haste,
And share with me my humble fare.

Here at my plain and simple board,
Which costly viands never deck;

The crumbs which freely I afford,
You may those crumbs as freely take,

When winter's cheeks are wet with tears,
Here you may safely take your rest;
Then banish all your twitt'ring fears
Sweet Robin haste and be my guest. MARY.

For the Observer.

THE ROSE OF DRUID HILL.

On the departure of - —— —— *for New York.*

——————Transplanted to a stranger soil
The beauteous blooming rose of Druid Hill!
Ye slopes and vales, who oft with conscious pride
Have view'd this op'ning bud, commute your plaints
Responsive at your loss. Have ye not known
Your brightest tints to take from her rich store!
When freshest verdure deck'd your hill and dale,
Have they not grown more verdant at her smile!
When snow-white lily's rear'd their graceful heads,
Have they not whiten'd more 'neath her fair hand,
And grown more graceful at her fostering touch?
Then shall your queen depart, and ye not vent
Your plaintive sighs for such a loss as yours!
If drowsy poppys wak'd to hear the note
Of her enchanting voice, and while they heard,
Forgot their slumbers quite—if fragrant vi'lets,
Stole from her soft'ning eye their loveliest hues,
And twinkled brighter as she stray'd among:
If gurgling streamlets linger'd as they stole
Adown the laughing mead to hear her tell
Her love-requited tale,—may not the swain
Of unrequited love, join his lorn plaint,
And give a vent to sighs—a cure forlorn?

Is it not meet to charge the favour'd swain
Who won this pearly gem, to nurture it
With best solicitude, in it's chang'd clime:
Its matchless worth there's indicated proof
He's meetly conscious of. If mildest mein —
Enam'ring ev'ry heart—if sense, combin'd
With courtesy and wit—if tender heart,
Magnamimous and good—with meekness sweet—
As quite unconscious of superior worth,
Hath e'er secur'd itself perpetual love,
Then shall this beauteous rose forever bloom,
Beneath the genial shrine of Hymen smile,
And never-ending love, which ne'er shall fade. A. G.

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